

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

ROCKY LANE

10¢

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



DAVY TO THE RESCUE!



GIVEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

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Alfred P. Engel Executive Editor

Rocky Lane in THE MASKED MAN

HE CAME FROM NOWHERE... THAT MASKED CHIEF... WITH THE ROARING GUNS! AND IT LOOKED LIKE THERE WAS NO STOPPING HIM--NOT AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ROCKY LANE OUTSIDE SURE SHOT CANYON...



IT WAS THE DODGE CITY EXPRESS THAT WAS SCALDED BY A BADHAT BARRICADE THAT DAY...



STEP DOWN WITH YOUR HANDS GRABBY MR. ENGINEER!

BUT THAT WAS BEFORE WHAT HAPPENED OUTSIDE SURE SHOT CANYON... AND ROCKY LANE WAS STILL IN CIRCULATION...



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE THE GUY WHO'D BEST GRAB AIR, TRAIN-ROBBER!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SQUEEZE TRIGGER'S, MEN! IT'S ALL OF US AND HE'S BY HIS LONESOME!



WHEN THE GUN-SMOKES HAD CLEARED...

YOU'RE NOT HURT TOO BAD / I'LL BE RIDING AFTER THOSE BAD-HATS NOW!



N-H-O, LANE... DON'T! THEIR HIDEOUTS IN SURE SHOT CANYON! NOBODY CAN HOPE TO TRAIL 'EM THAR... AND COME OUT ALIVE!



THE TERRIFYING WHEE NEW TO ROCKY LANE... BUT HE WAS NEVER ONE TO BE TALKED OUT OF COMING AFTER LAW-BREAKERS! SO, NOT LONG AFTER...

SURE SHOT CANYON... HERE I COME!



THAT COMES THAT PESKY WARMINT WHO TOOK A HAND AGAINST US DOWN AT THE RAILROAD TRACK! THE FOOL DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE WAY THIS CANYON'S SHAPED, IT'D TAKE ONLY TWO MEN TO HOLD OFF AN ARMY... AIN' CAREFUL, MEN!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THOSE BADKATS SQUEEZED TRIGGERS AND EVEN BEFORE THEIR SHOTS' ECHOES HAD A CHANCE TO START RINGING OUT...



THOSE OTHERS MUST'VE BEEN CLOSE ON HIS HEELS / SHOULD WE THROW MORE LEAD?

LET 'EM CARRY AWAY WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM / IT'LL BE A LESSON TO FOLKS TO STAY CLEAR OF SURE SHOT CANYON?



FOLKS HEREABOUTS WERE MIGHTY FRT OUT BY WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ROCKY LANE...



BUT THEN, BEFORE THE SURE SHOT CHANCE HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW THEMSELVES AGAIN, THE MASKED MAN RODE INTO THE TERRITORY...



HE WAS A ONE MAN TORNADO! THE LIVES OF HIS RIDING AND SHOOTING HADN'T BEEN EASY! SINCE THAT SMOKEY MOUNTAIN SURE SHOT CANYON! THERE WASN'T A STAGE, BANK, OR EXPRESS CARRIAGE THAT WAS NERVOUS WITH HIM HERE - ABOUTS ...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

IT JUST STOOD TO REASON THAT THE SURE SHOT GANG WOULD CONTACT HIM.

YOU CAN LET THAT HAND STRAY FROM YOUR HOLSTER, STRANGER. WE'RE OUTSIDE THE LAW TOO.

NO USE OUR KIND WORKIN' AGAINST ONE ANOTHER. THAT'S WHY WE'RE ASKIN' YOU TO JOIN UP WITH US.



WE CAN OFFER YOU THE BEST HOBBY-OUT IN THE WHOLE TERRITORY-- SURE SHOT CANYON. THERE'S NO FORCE CAN FOLLOW A MAN AFTER HE'S PULLED A JOB.



THAT SOUNDS FINE TO ME.



THE NEXT MORNING, INSIDE SURE SHOT CANYON.

WHAT'RE YOU MESSIN' WITH THE COFFE FOR? I'ED DOWN ALL OUR COOKIN'.



I'VE BEEN DOING RIGHT FINE WORKING BY MY LONE BONE. WHAT CAN YOU OFFER?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE CAN OFFER, STRANGER.



WELL, STRANGER, YOU GOON TO JOIN UP WITH US, OR NOT?

BEST HOBBY-OUT IN THE WHOLE TERRITORY YOU SAY, EH?



HAVEN'T FOUND THE COOKS YET WHO CAN MAKE COFFEE THE WAY I LIKE IT.

YOU LISTEN TO ME, STRANGER.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

EVERY MAN IN THIS HERE GANG HAS HIS SPECIAL JOB--AN YOU'RE NOT GON' TO START TERNIN' THINGS UPSIDE DOWN!

THAT'S RIGHT... AN' NOW THAT YOU'RE ONE OF US, HOW ABOUT TAKIN' THAT MASK OFF!



UNMASKING WASN'T PART OF THE BARGAIN / ANYBODY ELSE AGON' TO SEE MY FACE?



WE WERE GOON TO TAKE HIM ON / WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HIM?

COOL DOWN! WE'LL WATCH HIM REAL CLOSE 'TIL HE WINGS MOVE AND IT'LL BE HIS LAST!



THAT NIGHT...

UH-OH...IT'S RAININ' BUCKETS... IT'D BEST GET THE HORSES UNDER SHELTER!

STAND FAST, STRANGER! MORT'S OUR MAN FOR LOOKIN' AFTER THE HORSES!



AND SO...

HEY... THE BRIN'S WASHIN' WHITE PAINT OFF THE STRANGER'S HORSE / AND I KNOW THAT MOUNT, IT'S ROCKY LANE'S BLACKJACK!



HE'S TAKEN THE MASK OFF... IT'S ROCKY LANE! HE MUST'VE FIGURED ON THE RAIN WASHIN' THE PAINT OFF... HE'S GOT THE REST OF THE GANG COVERED!



I FAKED GOIN' DOWN THAT DAY OUTSIDE THE CANYON / I TOLD THE OTHERS TO SPREAD THE WORD THAT I WAS DEAD!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AFTER THAT I RODE INTO THE TERRITORY AS THE AMBASSADOR MAN / I PULLED ALL THOSE JOBS WITH THE SHERIFF'S HELP / WE RECKONED ON YOUR CONTACTING ME, SO I COULD GET INSIDE THE CANYON...



THERE'S ONE THING YOU DIDN'T RECKON ON... LANE. AND THAT WAS MY COMIN' BACK SO SOON!



LOOKS LIKE YOU WON'T GET OUT OF SURE SHOT CANYON AFTER ALL, LANE!



A POSSE / BUT HOW'D THEY GET PASSED OUR TWO GUARDS AT THE PASS?!

WHEN... SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, SHERIFF!

WE GOT THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS YOU SENT BY WORKING THE DROVE DAMPER THIS MORNING, SAYING WHEN THE PASS WOULD BE CLEAR, LANE!



EVERYBODY HAS A SPECIAL JOB IN THE COUNTRY, SO I KNEW WHICH TWO WOULD BE STANDING GUARD TONIGHT / ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FIX THEIR COFFEE / CHANCES ARE THEY'RE STILL SLEEPING AT THEIR POSTS...



NOT LONG AFTER...

WE'RE BLASTING THE PASS, LANE!

RECKON YOU'LL BE HAVING EVERY THING UNDER CONTROL, SHERIFF... SO I'LL BE MOBBING ALONG!

SURE SHOT CANYON WILL NEVER BE USED AS A BACKHAT HIDEOUT AGAIN!



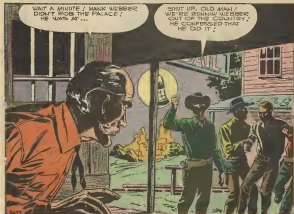
AND

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Rocky Lane

THE VIGILANTES

THE DEPUTY ROCKY LANE, SECRET MARSHAL, HAD STUDIED IN THE MAIN OFFICE HAD BEEN DAMAGED ENOUGH -- GRISBY COUNTY WAS SINKING UNDER A WAVE OF CRIME / BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER DANGER ADDED -- VIGILANTES / A GROUP "SUPPOSEDLY ORGANIZED TO SUPPRESS OUTLAWS," BUT ACTUALLY ...



THAT AND OTHER SUCH INCIDENTS RESULTED IN ROCKY'S ASSIGNMENT TO GRISBY COUNTY SOON AFTER ...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SOMEONE FROM TOWN, I GUESS! BRUIX -- AS SOON AS YOU FEEL BETTER, I'LL BRID TO TOWN WITH YOU!

ROCKY HAD SEEN HIS FIRST SNAKE OF ORIS COUNTY COWBOYS... NEXT HE WITNESSED THE VIOLENCE AT WORK FIRST HAND.

NO, YUH WON'T, STRANGER? WE'RE GONNA SEND YUH BACK WHERE YUH CAME FROM. YU WANT'VE ROBBED COWBOY, HAD THE LOOK, THEN CAME BACK YUH THROU' SUSPICION OFF YUH?



THAT'S A PRETTY FIT SNAKE-- ESPECIALLY SINCE NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A ROBBERY YET! HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?



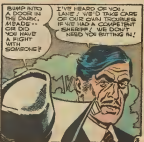
GET 'EM, BOYS!



I CAN'T SHOOT-- MIGHT HIT THE CHIEF!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WAGLONUT COULD FOR A FEW MINUTES—JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THE MASKED RIDERS TO STRIKE AGAIN....



MOUNTED ON BLACK JACK, THE SECRET MARSHAL HAD NO TROUBLE FOLLOWING THE OUTLAW AND SOON...



BUT IT WASN'T THAT SIMPLE! CONCENTRATING ON THE THREE INSIDE THE CABIN, HE DIDN'T SEE THE OUTLAW BEHIND HIM UNTIL...



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SHERIFF HARRIS AND A BASTARD RECENTLY SO POSSE HAD THE CABIN SURROUNDED-- THE OUTLAWS WERE LED AWAY AND...



"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say **JOE LOUIS** and **TED KLUSZEWSKI**

Super Ted shows how easy you can gain new strength



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Sincerely,

Joe Louis



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"The Marshal Wore No Gun"

The rider on the brown stallion looked very young. He held the reins in his left hand and his right one was swinging aimlessly. He wore no Stetson and his thick black hair seemed to give him sufficient protection against the sun. His plaid shirt was open at the neck. He had a pair of faded army pants and a thin leather silver studded belt. He stopped in front of the office of the sheriff of Higglesville. He dismounted slowly and looked around the town. Men noticed him at once, not because he was a stranger nor because of his youthful appearance, but because he was the only person in Higglesville without a gun! He opened the door to the sheriff's office and noticed the middle-aged gray haired man at the desk.

"Sheriff Jed Thompson?" was all he said.

The law officer of Higglesville spun around in his seat. He had seen the stranger once before at Fort Benson and knew his identity. He smiled as he extended his hand.

"Pleasure to see you here, Marshal Willard. Glad they sent you. Hope you can straighten things out and prevent any fighting from taking place."

"Suppose we ride over to the Bar-K ranch and talk with Louis Carr," suggested the youthful marshal. "No man is above the law and it is time certain things were made clear to Mr. Carr. He must respect the rights of others as he would want them to respect his rights."

The sheriff left his office and unlocked his horse from the railing post. The two men rode side by side without talking for about an hour and a half. Then they crossed the road that took them into the domain of the Bar-K ranch. Three cowboys observed them at a distance but did nothing.

"He has men posted all over his ranch," commented the sheriff. "He's afraid the homesteaders might decide to pay him a visit. Funny how fear makes a man jumpy."

Twenty minutes later the two riders were outside the main ranchhouse. The door opened and a pretty young girl of about nineteen or twenty greeted them.

"Come on in! We have some coffee ready for guests at all times of the day."

The two entered and the sheriff took care of the introductions.

"Was Martha I want you to meet Frank Willard. They say he's the youngest marshal ever appointed, but don't let those looks of his fool you. He's got a good education. Went to law school. And I saw some fancy shooting of his at Fort Benson. Where's your gun?"

"Right here," replied a heavy gruff voice. "I heard the build up you gave that federal man. Let him have his say and then he can leave."

"Oh, po," interrupted Martha. "You can't be that way. We must never forget our manners. Even if the area is something like an armed camp."

"Sorry I forgot myself," half apologized the ranch owner. "Suppose we all sit down for that hot coffee. Then you tell me the message. I guess that's why the sheriff brought you here."

After the coffee had been finished, the youthful marshal began to talk of many things. Of his visit to the different Indian tribes, his meetings with high officials in Washington, his one trip abroad, and the various kinds of horses that were to be sold on the market. He deliberately refrained from talking about the main subject. The trouble between the homesteaders and the owner of the largest ranch in the southwest. He started to arise from his chair and then sat down.

"Almost forgot to mention what brought me here," he smiled. "Maybe it's because of feminine company. The land which the homesteaders have settled never belonged to you, it was merely open range country which you used from time to time. Title to the land was in the federal government. Under the law these people who want to have a home of their own and do some farming are entitled to their legal section if they stay here the required number of years and actually cultivate the land. Simple, isn't it?"

Louis Carr almost exploded with anger. It didn't seem possible that such words were coming from the mouth of the young man. He clenched his fist and finally controlled himself. While he was trying to figure out what to say, the young marshal continued.

"No use raising your blood pressure. If any trouble starts, the guilty persons will have to answer for their actions in a federal court. In addition, I can get all the troops I need from Fort Benton to help me. You have a problem. My father himself was a rancher. There must be a sensible solution to your situation. Rest assured I will do my best to help you."

The two men left the ranch and behind them was an interested young lady.

"Nice man," she remarked to her father. "You know, I sort of have a feeling he will find a way out of your trouble for you. And be nice to him. I do want to see him again."

The next morning, Louis Carr, accompanied by his foreman, Mike Travis, rode over to pay a visit to one of the homesteaders. He noticed the two milk cows on the property. At the door, Ben Riley waited. There was a rifle handy, against the side of the rudely constructed frame house.

"Say your piece, and then git," warned the homesteader. "I want no trouble with you."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars to leave the land at the end of the week, the latest," offered Louis Carr.

"If I took the money and went, you still can't get the land," replied the homesteader. "The marshal was here and explained the law to me and some of the others. If we go, others will come and take up the land. The West is changing. This is going to be a place for farming. You do your ranching and let us be. We can live side by side peacefully."

The ranch owner and his foreman remounted their horses. It would be futile to see the other homesteaders, as they returned to the ranch. There, Louis Carr learned his daughter had gone to town.

"But she just wanted to get a chance to see the marshal," he grinned. "That fellow has a good head on his shoulders. He has my hands tied just now. Know something? I would like him for a son-in-law."

At noon, Dan Burrows, owner of the Double X ranch came to pay a visit.

"What's this I hear about the marshal laying down the law to you?" he questioned.

"Can't say I want to break the law," was the reply. "My father dreamed of making this place one of the best ranches in the country. Those

were the days of the open range. Law and order has come here. There must be a solution."

No sooner had he finished these last words, than the door opened and his daughter entered. She was almost breathless.

"Dad," she exclaimed, "the marshal wants you to get the other five ranch owners together. He has a way to solve your problem. Get the riders out to notify the men. Day after tomorrow there will be a meeting at the community house."

Unwillingly, Louis Carr obeyed his daughter. He sent the riders out and then spoke to Dan Burrows.

"Stay over here and we'll see what this young marshal has in mind."

The community house was packed with the homesteaders and the ranchmen with their foremen. The young marshal got up to the small platform and spoke.

"Facts can never make right. We are a people under the law and the law will be respected. I sent a telegram to John Foley, head of the Mid-Western Farmers of America. He thinks the idea is good and has authorized me to go ahead and tell you about it." He stopped speaking for a moment for dramatic effect and then continued.

"You ranchmen have enough land on which to keep your steers, but not enough open range to feed them. The packing houses have been buying corn fed steers. From now on you just raise your steers. Then ship them to the farmers who will feed them with the excess corn. You all make money this way. First shipment of steers will be one thousand heads. Market price to be paid."

Everyone cheered. For here was a simple solution. And one of the homesteaders arose and spoke.

"That means we can raise some corn ourselves and fatten the steers. Now we have to be friends. We have the same interests."

Everybody was so happy that nobody noticed the young marshal and Martha walking out, hand in hand.

" THE END "

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Rocky Lane

THE THREAT OF THE KIOWAS

ON THE DOUBLE,
BLACK JACK!

A FEW MORE
TURNS AND I
BETWEEN THOSE
BARS WILL
GIVE 'EM HELL
BUT US A HIGH
HALL OF FURY!

OH, OH, SOME STRANGERS
-HOLDING THIS WAY, BUNNY!
AND IF HE GETS A LOOK AT
US WE'LL BE ABLE TO DO -
NOTICE US TO THE SHERIFF!
WE'D BETTER HANG ON!

QUINCY'S
FUR TRADING
POST

YOUR RIGHT! WE CAN'T SHOOT
BECAUSE THE WHOLE TOWN
WOULD COME RUNNING! OUR
BEST BET IS TO REPAKING!
WE CAN'T GO AFTER ALL OF US
AT THE SAME TIME!

THEY'RE REPAKING! WE'LL
HAVE TO GO AFTER JUST ONE
OF THEM, BLACK JACK, AND
NAME HIM TELL US WHO THE
REST OF THE GANG
IS!

I DECIDED THAT ONE IS AS
GOOD AS ANY TO FOLLOW!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



HEY, BOSS, LOOK! A WHOLE HERD FULL OF SELTS! AND THAT'S ONLY A FEW BLINDS WITH IT! THIS IS OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING!

RIGHT! GIT YOUR SHOOTING IRONS READY, BOYS, AND LET'S GO!



(GASP!) PALEFACE BADMEN! MUST NOT LET THEM GET FURS!



IF YOU KNEW WHO WAS GOOD FOR YEH, YEH SHOULD HAVE RUN LIKE THAT OTHER REDNEK!

ALL THOSE FURS ARE OURS! NOW WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT NOT GETTING OUR HANDS ON THOSE IN GINCY'S TRADING POST!



WE'RE STILL GOING AFTER 'EM! I DON'T GIVE UP THAT EASY! YEH COME WITH ME, CUT TON, WHILE I HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AROUND THE TRADING POST! MEANWHILE, THE REST OF YEH TAKE THOSE FURS TO THE HIDE-OUT!



BACK AT THE TRADING POST-

HELLO, RUNNING DEER! I WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER WHAT WAS TRAILING YEH TO LONG! WHERE ARE THE SKINS?

FURS GONE! PALEFACE ROAD AGENTS STRAILED THEM!



KIDNA WORK LONG TIME TO CATCH SELTS! WITHOUT THEM WE STRAYE! WHITE MAN TO BLAME! EITHER PALEFACE GET THEM BACK FOR US, OR PAY US FOR THEM! IF NO DO BEFORE SUNDOWN KIDNA SELTS MAKE WHOLE TOWN PAY!

NOW TAKE IT EASY! IT NHT THE TOWN'S FAULT--



WHAT ME SAY STAY! NO WANT EXCUSES--ONE FUR! IF NO GET BACK, WHOLE TOWN PAY!

IT'S NO USE ARGUING WITH HIM, ROCKY! RUNNING DEER WON'T LISTEN TO REASON!

(SIGH)

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was →

YOU CAN DO ALL I DID
IN 10 MINUTES A DAY

Quickly **GAIN 25 LBS.** of
HANDSOME, POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES all over! Like I did.
Like me—IMPROVE your **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%!**

WIN NEW STRENGTH!
WIN NEW POPULARITY!

Come on PAUL, how can you give me
10 FLAMMANT MOUNTS & MEET
in Your own home like he did
and I'll give you a NEW HE-MAN BODY
and your OLD SKINNY FRAME!



NO! I don't care how clumsy
or fat you are, as long as I'll
make you **STRONG** by the SAME
method I turned myself from
a weakling to the strongest of
the strong. Why can't I do for you what
I did for **MANY THOUSANDS** of skinny
fellows like you?

Develop **YOUR 320 MUSCLES**
gain **POWER, BURN FAT!**

YES! You'll see **INCHES** of **MIGHTY**
MUSCLE added to your **ARMS**
and **CHEST** your **BACK** and
SHOULDER broadened. Flow
head to heels you'll gain **SIZE,**
POWER, SPEED You'll be a
WINNER in **EVERYTHING** you
do!

Mail for ALL FREE! See how and get **FREE** 100% **FREE!**

(shown)



I make it so easy
and get it free

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BIG
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5. **HE-MAN** 6. **HE-MAN**

7. **HE-MAN** 8. **HE-MAN**

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ROCKY LANE WESTERN



AT THE SAME TIME, HIS FAITHFUL STALLION, BLACK JACK, IS TRYING TO FREE THE UNCONSCIOUS SECRET MARSHAL...



AND HE'S DOWN! BUT ROCKY LANE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS!

WHY? WHAT'S BLACK JACK UP TO NOW?



CAREFUL, BLACK JACK, OR YOU'LL DROWN HIM!

BUT BLACK JACK KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!



HOW I REMEMBER, BUT THERE'S---RAAT! I SEE THE HORNA'S AGE ON THE WARREN ALREADY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CATCH UP TO THEM! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, BLACK JACK!



SAFELY AFTER-- I SAID BEFORE NO ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD ATTEMPT TO LEAP THIS CHASM, BUT--



--THE LIVES OF EVERYONE IN TOWN DEPEND ON IT, SO I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE---EVEN IF IT IS ONE IN A BILLION!



BUT THE ODDS ARE NEVER TRIP HIGH WHEN THE FEARLESS ROCKY ATTEMPTS THE IMPOSSIBLE!

GOOD WORK, BLACKJACK! YOU NEVER FAIL ME!



HERE THEY COME NOW, BUT I CAN'T SEE THE CHIEF! RUNNING DEER'S IN THE LEAD SO I GUESS I'LL NEED SOMETHING STRONGER THAN TALK TO STOP THEM!



TELL YOUR MEN TO RETURN TO YOUR RESERVATION IMMEDIATELY, RUNNING DEER. OR I'LL LET THE ROPE GO AND YOU'LL FALL INTO THE CHASM!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

WELL, BACK AT THE RESERVATION---

...AND IF AM HERE AT THIS, ROCKY, WE NO LIT BRAVES ATTACK PALEFACE TOWN! IT TERRIBLE BLOW TO EDGE SKIN, BUT CANNOT CORDON ALL WHITE MEN BECAUSE OF NEW BAD ONES!

WITH YOU, CHIEF! I'M GLAD YOU WERE HERE WHEN WE GOT BACK! BUT NOW I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN FIND THE SHIRTS FOR YOU!



I KNEW I COULD REASON

HOWEVER, KNOCKED ME OUT BEFORE I GOT WHAT WE TO REACH THE RIVER, TO STOP THE ATTACK! AND I HAVE AN IDEA WHO THE PRAIRIE BRIS ARE WHO WOULD CAN BY THAT!



LATER, IN TOWN---

THE RIDE SHOULD BE ATTACKING ANY MINUTE!

EVERY MAN IN TOWN'S HERE! WE CAN START OUR JOB NOW!



SHORTLY AFTER---

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE SHIRTS, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN! WE DON'T WANT THE INDIANS TO GET HOLD OF US!



BUT AS THEY RIDE OUT---

(S.O.P.) IT'S THE SAME VAGRANT AGAIN!

I FIGURED SOMEONE TRYING TO KID THE TRADING POST WOULD HAVE AN EASY TIME IF EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS BUSY GUARDING AGAINST AN INDIAN ATTACK! NOW DROP THOSE BAGS AND DECEASE FOR THE SKY!



IT'S THE JARHOUSE FOR ALL OF YOU, BUT YOUR SENTENCES WON'T BE AS HARD IF YOU TELL WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THE SHIRTS THE WOMAN COLLECTED!

YOU WIN, MARSHAL. I'LL TALK!



LATER---

...AND HERE'S THE MONEY FOR YOUR PETS WHICH ROCKY DELIVERED TO ME AFTER HE PICKED THEM UP FROM THE OUTLAW'S HIDE-OUT!

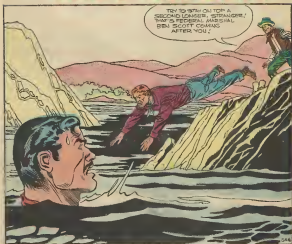
PALEFACE TRADER, NOOT FAIR! HE WILL ALWAYS GET OUR BUSINESS!

I MIGHT AS WELL BE ON MY WAY! THINGS ARE PEACEFUL AROUND HERE AND NOW BUNKY AND HIS GANG WILL BE IN JAIL FOR SOME A SPELL! SO LONG!



END

ROCKY LANE WESTERN THE *LONG SEARCH*



IT STARTED WITH THE HARD-FACED STRANGER PULLING REIN ON THE CAYUSE TRAIL, JUST OUTSIDE OUR TERRITORY...

HE WAS SAYING AS HE SPURRED HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED DOWN TO THE BRIDGE THAT LED INTO OUR TERRITORY...



THAT BRIDGE WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM IF HE COULD HAVE SEEN THE POOR SQUARE THE BRIDGE HAD BEEN LEFT IN BY THE SPONGE TRUCK...

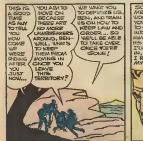
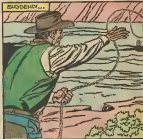
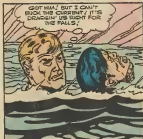
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



A TREE HAD HIT HIS HEAD AND THE CURRENT THAT DAY WAS FASTER THAN A SPOOKED BRONCO.



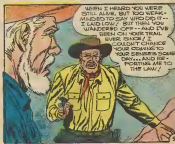
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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 Amazing and fun! Roll into a ball, it bounces! Hit with hammer — it shatters! Pull it slowly — it stretches! Press it on a canvas back and it steals a perfect impression in color...leave it alone and it sinks into a hard little puddle. Comes in a leakproof plastic egg...You'll relax with this one — and really have a ball!
 It is made of the wonder material your parents have read about in Life, Time, and other magazines. Truly a great new toy. This is the real THING.



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HIT IT...

IT'S GREAT FUN!

MOLD IT...

STRETCH IT...

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Gentlemen:

Here is my offer. Please send NUTTY PUTTY if I am not completely satisfied, I can return merchandise for full refund. (Canada and foreign orders add \$1.50 post money cost.)

Name

Address

City

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



HOWDY, PARTNERS!

IT'S MIGHTY GOOD TO BE RIDING YOUR WAY ONCE AGAIN AND I WANT TO THANK YOU PARTNERS FOR ALL THOSE GREAT LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDIN' TO ME - BLACK JACK AND I SURE APPRECIATE 'EM!

ON THE WAY OVER I MET SOB HANNERS. HE'S LOOKIN' PRETTY WELL NOW, BUT IT TOOK A HARD LESSON TO DO IT, YOU SEE, PARTNERS. SOB WAS ONE OF THOSE FOOLISH CUTTERS WHO BELIEVED A BODY COULD GET STRONG AND HEALTHY BY EATING ONLY RANCY CABBAGE AND CORNED BEEF AND AN OCCASIONAL HOT DOG. WELL, PARTNERS, NOT THAT THOSE THINGS AREN'T FINE --- IN THEIR PLACE, BUT AS A STEADY DIET THEY JUST DON'T HOLD UP.

WHEN MEALTIME ARRIVED, SOB HANNERS WOULD JUST BOB THE MEAT AND VEGETABLES TO GET AT THE PEEBLES. SURE, LOTS OF HANDS TOLD HIM THAT A BODY NEEDED GOOD, STRONG SOUPS AND MEATS, MILK, EGGS AND VEGETABLES, BUT SOB WAS JUST A THICK-HEADED BROADWIND. THEN IT HAPPENED.

HE AND FRANK DOOGS WERE RICH IN THE HILL DURING A WEEK OF TERRIFIC CLOUDBROTHS. THE RAIN WEAKENED THE GROUND AND THEY JUST SLOPPED SOBS CAUGHT IN A LANDSLIDE THAT LEFT THEM STANDED IN A WET CAVE ON SOBS POK. IT WAS GONE BEFORE THEY COULD BE REACHED. IN THAT WICK, SOB AND FRANK HAD TO LIVE ON THE STRENGTH THAT THEIR BODIES HAD STORED FROM YEARS OF PROPER NOURISHMENT. FRANK CAME THROUGH ALL RIGHT, BUT IN SOB'S CASE, THERE WAS NO STOREHOUSE OF STRENGTH. THE YEARS OF SHIPPING THE GOOD FOOD FOR THE RANCY DESSERTS CAUGHT UP TO SOB. HE CREEPED AWAY THAT WHEN RESOURCES FINALLY REACHED THE CAVE, HE HAD TO BE CARRIED DOWN.

WELL, PARTNERS, SINCE THEN, SOB'S LEARNED THE NECESSARY OF SENSIBLE EATING AND THAT RANCY FOODS AND CANDY SNACKS ARE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR STRENGTH-BUILDING, VITAMIN-FILLED MEAT, MILK, POTATOES AND VEGETABLES---NO MORE THAN A FLOW HORSE IS A SUBSTITUTE FOR A FAST FINE!

THAT'S SOMETHING I THINK EVERY COWBOY FROM CORRAL TO CORRAL OUGHT TO REMEMBER.

BUT NOW, PARTNERS, I'LL BE HOSEYING ON. IT'S BEEN MIGHTY FINE RIDING IN YOUR CORRAL AND I'LL BE RIDIN' BY NEXT MONTH AGAIN I TELL THEM, BLACK JACK AND I SAY ---- GOOD RIDING!

YOUR PARTNERS,

Alan Rocky Lane
and
BLACK JACK



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Let Me PROVE I Can Make You a REAL HE MAN
(from Head to Toe—in Just 15 Minutes a Day!)

ARE YOU:

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- 3. Nervous?
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- 10. Do you Want to Gain Weight?
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NOBODY would ever call an Atlas Champion "Half A Man." They wouldn't dare! And nobody has so little as "Harold Run-down" has "pushed around" by brutal bullies. . . or "Gorgeous" like looking HALF-ALIVE. CHARLES ATLAS himself, tells you what you can do along it—AND FAST—right on this page!

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"Now Successful Pugilist—I am winning real title matches plus a big pay—perfect physique!"

Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build. . . I was ashamed to step for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

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